

THE MISSIONARY HELPER

Faith and Works Win —

VOL. XXX

MAY, 1905

No. 5

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MRS. NELLIE WADE WHITCOMB, Editor, Ocean Park, Me.

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MRS. ELLA H. ANDREWS, Publishing Agent,

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EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS.

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---------------------	---------------

Muhammadnagar.

*HELEN M. PHILLIPS, M. D.	MRS. MARY R. PHILLIPS.
REV. LEWIS P. CLINTON, Fortsville, Grand Bassa, Liberia, West Africa.	

*Now in this country.

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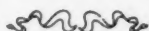
MOTTO: *Faith and Works Win.*

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Jesus and the Children



"Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven,"—MARK 10: 14.

THE Maister sat in a wee cot hoose,
Tae the Jordan's water near,
An' the fisher folk crushed and crooded roun',
The Maister's word to hear.

An' even the bairns frae the near-by streets
War mixin' in wi' the thrang;
Laddies and lassies wi' wee bare feet,
Jinkin' the crowd amang.

An' one o' the twal' at the Maister's side
Rase up and cried aloud:
"Come, come, bairns, this is nae place for you,
Run awa' hame oot o' the crood."

But the Maister said, as they turned awa',
"Let the wee bairns come tae me,"
An' he gathered them roun' him whar he sat,
An' liftit ane up on his knee.

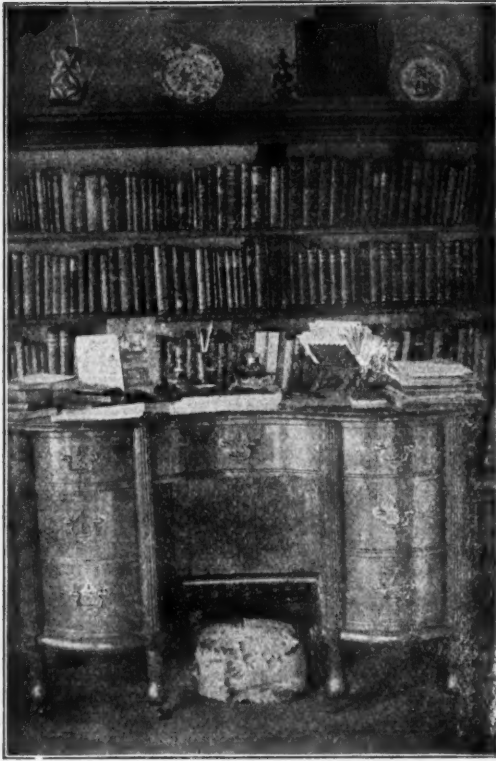
Ay, he gathered them roun' him whar he sat,
An' strakit their curly hair;
An' he said tae the won'erin' fisher-folk
That croodit aroun' him there:

"Sen' nae the weans awa' frae me,
But rather this lesson learn,
That nane'll win in at heaven's gate
That isna like this wee bairn."

An' he that wisna oor kith and kin,
But a Prince of the Far Awa',
Gathered the wee anes in his airms
An' blessed them ane an' a'.

—Author Unknown.

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK



MUCH space is given, this month, to the wee ones and their work. At that delightful "Missionary Camp Fire," at Melrose, recently, the first "fagot" was the question, "At what age shall we begin to work for missions?" The answer was, "At birth." That is what our Cradle Roll babies are doing — beginning at birth. And isn't it beautiful that while Little Light Bearers in America are sending help to India, there are Light Bearers there, too? Dr. Shirley Smith writes about one of them. In her Kindergarten Letter, Mrs. Stone tells us about the very important work for the "Brownies" at Balasore, and of its fine equipment, for which we should be devoutly thankful. May her appeal reach the one who must be

waiting, somewhere, to carry on this blessed work so well begun. . . . The generous gifts of Mr. and Mrs. Stone are continued. It made us happy to read the announcement in the *Star* of April 13, to the effect that they would pledge five thousand dollars for the purpose of building a church at Kharagpur if previous conditions were met. We hope and pray that before these words are in print, our General Conference debt will be lifted, the three thousand dollars, pledged by an unknown friend, will be secured in order that the new interest at Kharagpur may be established, and the later five thousand thus obtained for the "Phillips Memorial church." Many readers of the *HELPER* and auxiliary members have been giving and praying to this end. . . . Pres. McDonald of Storer College writes to our treasurer: "You will be interested to know that we think this year's work is in some ways the most satisfactory of any we have had. The general conditions are the best of any year since my connection with the institution. We hope to make the dedication of the new Hall an occasion of considerable importance." . . . The cut of Balasore high school boys, which accompanies Rev. Mr. Ham'en's article, appeared originally on the "Prayer

Calendar." Send five cents to Mr. Harry Myers, Hillsdale, Mich., for one. It is worth more than that even for the remainder of 1905. . . . The fifth triennial session of the National Council of Women was held in Washington, D. C., April 9-15. The first day was devoted to special religious services. Our president, Mrs. Davis, being unable to attend, Mrs. Mosher of Boston went as her proxy. Mrs. Lightner of Harper's Ferry was a delegate, and Mrs. Coralie Franklin Cook of Washington was a member of a committee. We have asked Mrs. Mosher to give *HELPER* readers a glimpse of this meeting. . . . Let us remember our president in the Quiet Hour, as she cares for her husband in his long-continued illness at the home of their son at Wilbraham, Mass. May she have strength for all her need, and peace even in the midst of pain. . . . Our sympathy goes out to Mrs. E. S. Cole — one of our oldest and most devoted members and an officer in the "Female Missionary Society"—in the death of her gifted daughter, Mrs. Helen Cole Duffield, who was so widely known as a reader and interpreter of the Bible. One acquainted with her work in her husband's parish wrote: "The love of all who shared her brimful life, the devotion of the children of the Sunday school, the affection of the young people, the cherished regard of the entire parish, speak with an eloquence which words cannot." . . . The Roger Williams Free Baptist church, Providence, R. I., celebrated its seventy-fifth anniversary in March, with exercises that extended through several days. It was in truth a great event for the church, and all who took part in it are to be congratulated, not only because of its success, but also because of thus being linked with the history of many years of service and with the lives of pioneer workers. . . . The juniors will be glad to know that the birthday of Miss Barnes will be June 25. Perhaps the superintendents will wish to plan for a little celebration of that event. . . . Miss Barnes wrote, some time ago: "A letter from Miss Dawson says: 'We are to begin digging the well the tenth of March. Mr. Ager is to have charge of it.' While they work, let *us* pray that there may be no hindrances, and that good water and plenty of it may be found. My interest in this well dates from my first birthday in India, when I gave as many rupees as I was years old toward it." . . . The children are not forgotten in the great revival movement in London. At a children's meeting at Albert Hall, last month, 12,000 children and their friends were present, and at two boys' and girls' services 13,000 stood up to confess Christ. Many touching stories are told of children who came from the slums to these meetings, and of their faith in God under most trying circumstances.

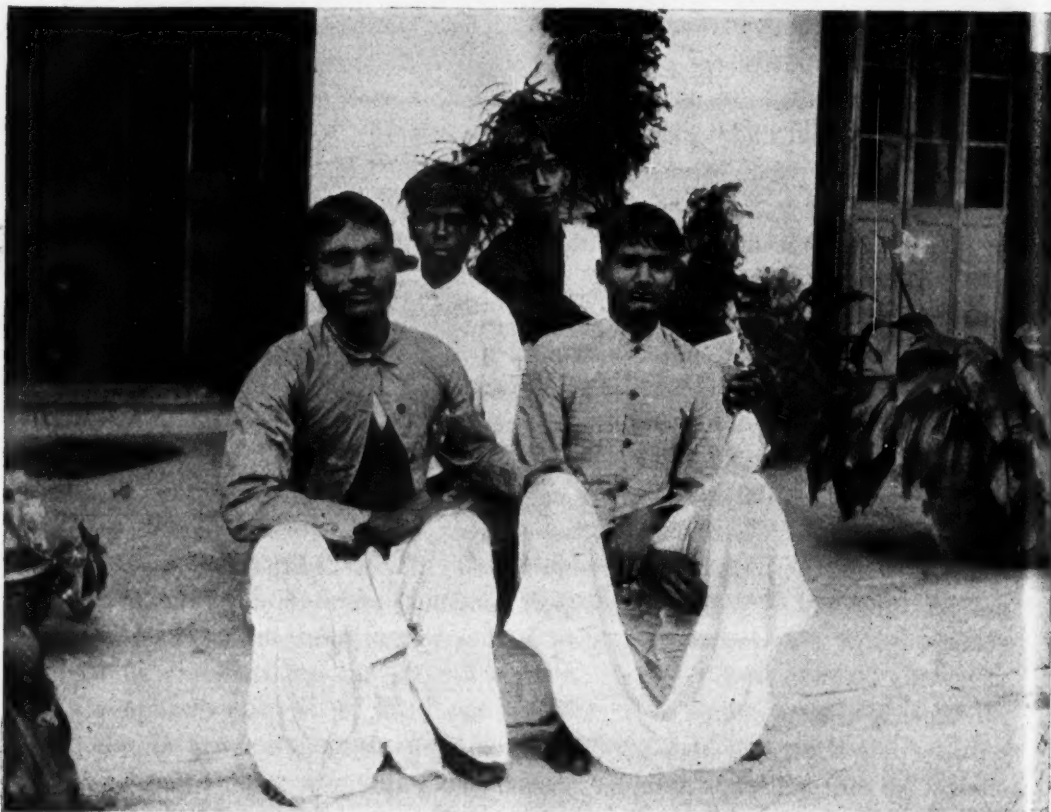
FOR God hath ordained that the heart shall sing when the hand does honest and honorable work.—*Rev. D. N. Hillis.*

THINGS TO BE THANKFUL FOR IN BALASORE

BY REV. G. H. HAMLEN

III

It is sometimes supposed that the missionary is essentially a preacher, and that whatever teaching he does must be on religious lines. With what is sometimes called secular education he should have nothing to do. But if the missionary to a Christless people cherishes any such idea, he is sooner or later disabused of it by



BALASORE HIGH SCHOOL BOYS

the stern logic of facts. He finds himself in the midst of strange, degrading, and often cruel superstitions, which are fostered by ignorance, and which can be destroyed only by a knowledge of the truth. As soon as he has converts, if they be unlettered, he must, at least, teach them to read; and both his own experience and his sense of duty impel him to provide for the education of their children. He needs trained helpers, and the only way to secure them is to educate such as give promise of usefulness. And, moreover, sooner or later he

is likely to find that a Christian school for the children of non-Christians is a potent factor in winning attention to his message, and converts to the Lord.

Our missionaries have understood this from the first, and the training of children in day schools has always been a part of our work. The steady purpose has been to make this part of our work as distinctively Christian as possible. But for many years the opportunities for such work have been so far ahead of the supply of Christian teachers, that numbers of Hindus have been, and are still, employed in it. The Bible and the catechism have always been taught, however, and often Christian hymns. The proportion of Christian teachers is steadily increasing, and in time we hope to have no others in our schools. Almost all of those where the children of Christians are taught have Christian teachers now. In these schools thousands of children have received some knowledge of their Saviour, and quiet but effective work is done in undermining Hinduism.

In this connection two special developments of our school work in Balasore need mention. One is the high school, and the other is the kindergarten. The high school was opened in 1894. All the reasons given above for schools held good for this, our highest institution of learning, thus far; but added to them was the sure knowledge that our young men were bound to have an education, and if we did not provide means for a Christian schooling, they would have a Christless one, and were in a fair way to be lost to the church that needed them so much, and to God. The happy change in the character of the present generation of young men in our Christian community, together with the benefit of daily Bible lessons to the hundreds of boys, Christian and non-Christian, who have been in the school, the foundation of good character, and the education of numbers of preachers, teachers, and other workers, are among the proofs of the blessing of God on the school.

The first kindergarten in our part of India was opened by Miss B. M. S. Phillips in 1896. It was somewhat of an experiment at first, but soon justified its existence. The kindergarten idea has gone to India to stay. We have two others in Balasore district, one at Santipore, and another at Chandbali. The government school department has taken up the idea, and is pushing it in all its primary schools. Two years ago we were asked to supply twelve trained kindergarteners for the schools, but could furnish only two. God is opening wide the door to the little children around us in India, and as of old Jesus is saying, "Suffer them to come to me." For the magnitude of the opportunity let us thank him, and while we are thankful for the small supply, let us hasten to make it more adequate to the need.

A third thing also needs mention here. It is the good work done in educating girls in schools, and women in zenanas. Remember that once it was a crime

punishable with death in Balasore to teach a woman or girl to read. For many years this prejudice lingered. Indeed, it is not all dead yet. But it is dying. Once it was necessary to hire or wheedle people into allowing their daughters to go to school. Now they are beginning to provide schools for them themselves. This great change is a cause for great gratitude, and is due very largely to the faithful efforts of the women of the mission.

There is another kind of work that we must not forget. The breaking-up of old relationships involved in confessing Christ in India leaves the Christians with little industrial training, and no opportunity to secure it unless we furnish it. This, together with the fact that numbers of orphans in our care must be taught how to make their own living, has inspired considerable effort in this line. Santipore and the orphanages at Balasore have been the headquarters of most of this work in recent years. Extremely limited means have greatly hindered what we wanted to do; yet we are thankful for some accomplishment in this line, and for the promise of more in the future.

In the midst of the pressure of other things, temperance instruction has not been neglected. So far as I know, all our missionaries have been total abstainers, and I recall only one who has used tobacco in recent years. The logical result of all this is seen in the comparative freedom of our youth from these vicious habits. In this matter we have reason to be thankful.

Another encouragement to thanksgiving is the annual *mela*, or religious fair, at Santipore. Born in the thought of one of our consecrated native brethren, it has become a helpful auxiliary in deepening and broadening the social and religious life among our scattered Christians, by bringing them together for two or three days once a year. It supplies the place of the religious festivals of the Hindus, and meets a real need of our people.

A great deal of medical work has been done first and last in Balasore district, all of which is bearing fruit in a kindlier disposition toward the missionaries, and a better appreciation of Christianity. Christ regnant in human hearts, and making himself known in such kindly ministrations as these, as well as in all other ways of service, is winning Balasore slowly but surely to himself. For what he has done, is doing, and shall yet do there, far beyond what I have been able to indicate in this inadequate survey, we do well to be devoutly thankful.

Oh, let me show
Thy risen life in calm and clear reflection!
Oh, let me soar
Where thou, my Saviour Christ, art gone before;
In mind and heart
Let me dwell always, only, where thou art.

—Frances Ridley Havergal.

ABOUT THE CRADLE ROLL

WE are fortunate in having, among our Little Light Bearers, these charming babies — "triplets," Roy, Harry, and Dana Reynolds, who are members of our Manchester, N. H., Roll.



ROY, HARRY, AND DANA REYNOLDS

Our editor has kindly called attention to the new souvenir leaflet, "A Day with a Child in India." It is a most interesting little story, illustrated, at ten cents per dozen copies. Let us use many of them for Rally Day.

Do not forget that one of the most important lessons of our Roll—indeed, one which distinguishes it, is the *implanting of the spirit of giving*. So look out for the little mite-boxes, sister superintendents.

We are all thinking, I trust, of the coming Rally Ray. If you desire recitations, look over your past HELPERS. If you want a graduating exercise, you will find one in the last May number. If a souvenir, send for the new Leaflet No. 3, by Miss Coombs, previously mentioned. You may also have the leaflet by Mrs. Roberts, which is free. You may wish for a formal program, but if your experience is like mine, you have found the social hour, the play of the babies, the pastor's tender words, and a song in which all may join, the happiest part of the service. The babies probably do not give passing notice to the beautiful solos and charming stories, and when the little folk will not, the mammas may not. If there seems a sort of emptiness about it, have several instrumental selections arranged for, to be played at intervals, without announcement, and if there be some formal songs and speaking, let them occur at intervals, also, only announced by the silvery tinkle of a little bell. It will be easier for the little ones to be still for two minutes at a time than for twenty times two, all at once.

But be sure to keep the Day one way or another. Don't let a single Roll omit having at least a yearly Rally. Make it very simple, if you like—just a little "at home" at some one's house for the babies, their mammas and friends. Let us have more Rallies this year than ever before.

OUR NEEDS

Every work has them. It is only as we keep alive to them, meeting and filling them as fast as they arise, that the work is successful.

We do not need tools, do we? Our membership cards are suggestive and tasteful, and the mite-boxes very dainty as well; if cheaper ones are needed, there are the free-for-postage Junior Light Bearer Boxes. The Advanced L. B. cards will be bettered as soon as you ask for enough of them. We have price-lists and an explanatory leaf, a new souvenir story and pretty badge, besides many other helps of which the price-list will tell you. If you have found some unfilled need, won't you tell me of it?

Let us look further. We cannot be too much in earnest. "What could we not do," said one, of late, "if we were only alive to the need? There are a great many things to occupy time and thought; but oh, what a pity if women—mothers—did not put the children first! There is much that is good and worthy, but so long as we have the mother-heart which is the dower of all woman-kind, we must be sure the children are tended first. And let us not be afraid to be very much in earnest. It may be a little harder, but such work is so much more valuable. Look at the workers around you for proof.

Do not let us forget our responsibilities. Let the State-secretaries be sure that the Q. M. secretaries are awake, and the latter keep in touch with the local superintendents, and these with the mothers. I have been watching some district work in another organization, and the splendid results accomplished are due to frequent loving reminder and suggestion passed from one worker to another. No one is allowed to sleep or even to nap. Are *your* co-workers all awake?

Most important of all is the sisterhood of prayer. Were you ever in a hard place and did some one write or say, "I am praying for you and the work," and did not your heart glow with new courage, and your feet grow light with new strength? Do you know what I wish? It is that everyone who reads this, and has it in her heart to do so, would sit down and write me a little message, saying, "I have read the last Cradle Roll letter, and am one of those who are praying for the Cradle Roll." Do you not believe that this definite statement and its fruition would mean more for our Roll than anything we have yet done?

For the little ones,

ADA M. L. GEORGE, *Secretary*.

Ashland, N. H.

A MAN must not choose his neighbor; he must take his neighbor that God sends him. In him, whoever he be, lies hidden or revealed a beautiful brother. The neighbor is just the man who is next to you at the moment. This love of our neighbor is the only door out of the dungeon of self.—*George Macdonald*.

A CRADLE ROLL CHILD

BY SHIRLEY HOLMES SMITH

WHEN going about India one sometimes comes to a place where a road or railroad is being built or mended. All about are seen men, women, and children, carrying bricks or baskets of broken stone or dirt on their heads, to build the embankment. They are black, dirty-looking people, who wear a few dirty old rags for clothes, except some of the women who are so fond of bright colors that they wear a bright-red dress or cloth wrapped around them. In spite of their dirt and poverty, they seem to be a happy people, for they chatter as they work, and one often hears a hearty laugh.

At one side not far away, one may see a group of rude straw huts, just straw roofs a few feet high set on the ground. Some children are playing about, and perhaps a baby or two lies sleeping or kicking in the sun, or rides astride a larger child's hip. Among such people as these, one winter's day, a little baby was born. There was no soft white bed for her, no pretty clothes to keep her warm. Her way to keep warm was to lie close to her mother under the old dirty rags that covered her. If we had been there that day I think we might have said: "Poor little baby with your shining black eyes, you've come to a hard world. You'll be cold in winter without clothes, in summer the hot, hot sun will burn you; you'll often be hungry, and when you are sick your mother will not know how to care for you. You will never go to school, you'll never know of the love of God, and by and by you will begin to carry bricks and stone and dirt, and will grow up to be like these poor, ignorant, hungry, sinful people all about you."

But in a few days something happened. The poor mother couldn't hold her little baby any more, her body got limp and cold and the people said, "She is dead," and took her poor body away. But what was to be done with the little baby? They did the best they could for her, and then they heard about some white people, over in the city, who helped everybody, so several of them gave up their day's work and took the little baby to find her a home. "Yes," the white ladies said, they would take the baby, they knew of a place for little motherless girls. For a few months she was kept in a Christian family in the town, then one day she went to her new home and there she found a new mother. This time it was a white mother, but one who took the little brown baby right into her heart, and I think the brown mother never loved her little baby as the white mother does. Now she has clothes to wear and good things to eat, and when she is sick the doctor sees her and tells what medicine she must have, and she has the tenderest care. She is one of the brightest, cunningest babies. She is two years old, and imitates everybody. She is learning to talk, and already knows

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At one side not far away, one may see a group of rude straw huts, just straw roofs a few feet high set on the ground. Some children are playing about, and perhaps a baby or two lies sleeping or kicking in the sun, or rides astride a larger child's hip. Among such people as these, one winter's day, a little baby was born. There was no soft white bed for her, no pretty clothes to keep her warm. Her way to keep warm was to lie close to her mother under the old dirty rags that covered her. If we had been there that day I think we might have said: "Poor little baby with your shining black eyes, you've come to a hard world. You'll be cold in winter without clothes, in summer the hot, hot sun will burn you; you'll often be hungry, and when you are sick your mother will not know how to care for you. You will never go to school, you'll never know of the love of God, and by and by you will begin to carry bricks and stone and dirt, and will grow up to be like these poor, ignorant, hungry, sinful people all about you."

But in a few days something happened. The poor mother couldn't hold her little baby any more, her body got limp and cold and the people said, "She is dead," and took her poor body away. But what was to be done with the little baby? They did the best they could for her, and then they heard about some white people, over in the city, who helped everybody, so several of them gave up their day's work and took the little baby to find her a home. "Yes," the white ladies said, they would take the baby, they knew of a place for little motherless girls. For a few months she was kept in a Christian family in the town, then one day she went to her new home and there she found a new mother. This time it was a white mother, but one who took the little brown baby right into her heart, and I think the brown mother never loved her little baby as the white mother does. Now she has clothes to wear and good things to eat, and when she is sick the doctor sees her and tells what medicine she must have, and she has the tenderest care. She is one of the brightest, cunningest babies. She is two years old, and imitates everybody. She is learning to talk, and already knows

the motions for one or two kindergarten songs, and can pat a cake as well as you would wish. She is full of music, and her mother found her once trying to keep time to the sawing of a board. She can't sing much, but she doesn't like to have other people make mistakes when they sing for her. You should see her dance ! A room full of girls, singing at the top of their voices, and perhaps clapping to keep time, and in the middle the tiny brown girlie with eyes shining as she keeps perfect time to the music, clapping her hands and swaying her body, or holding out her little frock and stepping to the music, in the way they do in India.

Who can tell of the charming ways of a baby? Every day some new thing is learned, sometimes a new word, sometimes a new way of playing. One day it is the first time she voluntarily says "mamma," another she is seen putting her dolly to sleep, patting it and telling it to "su, su" (sleep, sleep).

Her big sisters — such a lot of them as she has now — all love and pet and tease her, as big sisters are apt to do, and the house would be a lonely place without her. Who is she? Why, she is little Elsie Jenie, the light of Sinclair Orphanage—a Cradle Roll baby.

Balasore, India.

A KINDERGARTEN LETTER

DEAR HELPER READERS:—

"THERE are no friends like the old friends!" Do you think that because I can no longer write "Balasore" at the top of my letters, I have been false to this sentiment? Not too fast! The friend who drew me away from dear old Balasore and all it stands for, was himself one I had known for two score years! Besides, in atonement for his trespass he has already done for our beloved kindergarten what I *never* could have done. I know some of you, at first, felt inclined to protest against what you fancied was a spoliation of our much-enduring kindergarten; but I believe the sober second thoughts of even the most enthusiastic friends of that work have reconciled them to the inevitable, and recalled once more the fact that no one is essential to any given work when God calls him in some other direction.

But though I have left it, you must know I have not lost my interest in it. Do you know that so far as our plant and outfit are concerned, we have something to be *very grateful* for? Shall I tell you that I have never seen a kindergarten hall that can compare with ours? That I have never seen an outfit to equal ours? That the original tables taken out by "Miss Bebee" in '95 are still so perfect that when I returned a year ago and inquired if any damage were done when that brace fell from the inside of the roof [of the old building] tearing its way through the ceiling cloth, the teachers instantly pointed out a tiny bruise,

possibly the size of a finger-nail, on one table? Notwithstanding the fact that only natives had been in charge of the active work during my absence, I was very pleased to see so little sign of "wear and tear" on the building and its belongings.

Now that we have our beautiful new hall (how I wish a photograph of it might accompany this letter!) with abundant room, not only for a play ground, but for the children to make little gardens if they will — is there anything lacking to make the work for which it stands a glorious success? We have the building, the outfit, and an unfailing supply of little "brownies." Anything more needed? Yes, oh, yes indeed! A KINDERGARTNER!! Let me write it *large*! One who is young—yet not *too* young!—strong, self-reliant, and self-controlled; one who has quiet nerves, and can deny herself the pleasure of "hustling," or *trying* to "hustle, the East," and instead can *calmly wait* when necessary; one who can be serene and patient when her pupil teachers are stupid; who has a quiet voice, a gentle touch, can sing, and is a good story-teller. In short, one who so dearly loves the children and the work that she can say rapturously with Kate Douglass Wiggin, "Oh, who would be an angel when she might be a kindergartner!" And was the "late incumbent" all this? Bless you, no! But can't one know what is needed, even though she can't fill the bill?

It means hard work? *Of course* it does! Hard study to acquire the language, to begin with, and difficult work all the way through, because there is practically no kindergarten literature in the vernacular to use in training pupil teachers; for our kindergartner must not only train her own workers, but Balasore kindergarten should be a training school and feeder for similar work in all our stations. Because also there are very few songs, games, and stories in the vernacular — facts which make heavy draughts on the kindergartner's power of initiative, of adaptation, as well as on her originality.

But is it not true, as a rule, everywhere, that the best things cost the most? It is only as we pay the price of the best that we have a right to expect the best, and if we would help give India to Christ for his inheritance, there is no agency that we can use so effectively as the one God has already put into our hands, *providing* the right woman will offer herself for the post! For I claim that as in the production and training of beautiful trees, plants, and animals, there is no time when painstaking care counts for so much as in the early stages of their growth, so in the nurture of beautiful souls there is no time when love, gentleness, wisdom, tact, strength, patience, count for so much as in early childhood.

About ten years ago, when we thought we were surely going to have the old jail in Midnapore, and were rejoicing over the prospective enlargement of our work, a friend sent out to me a beautiful stained-glass panel-shaped window. The

final decision was against the old jail, and all these years that window has awaited its mission. Could you now look into our beautiful new Hall, you would see it in the center of the north wall, and read the words, "Before they call I will answer, while they are yet speaking I will hear." With these precious promises traced before our eyes, and sounding in our hearts, cannot we summon faith to ask *and to expect* that the right woman *will* offer herself for this noble work?

"Little Rhody" has done grandly thus far in sustaining this special work, but is every other State represented among us content to let her monopolize this most attractive, most promising, and most effective branch of our work in India? If *she* has not a worker ready to thrust into the waiting post, is there not one in some other State who has had some experience in kindergartning, and would count it an honor to lay her gift, her training, her experience, herself, *all* at her Saviour's feet, by loving service to these his "little ones," who by her may be trained to do for India a thousand fold more than any foreigner could do directly?

I know some are inclined to decry the kindergarten, but it is not those who know a true one for what it really is. My brother traveled many thousands of miles, gathered \$25,000, established the Bible School, and received into it young men who had grown up without careful nurture in their childhood. Although they had professed conversion, and were there to fit themselves for the ministry, he was forced to grieve, oh, so sadly, over the fall of one and another, dragged back into the slime and filth that had polluted their hearts in childhood. A leading city in this country that has made very much of her kindergartens, and has kept trace of the children passing through them, has put it on record that *children reared in the kindergarten do not appear in the police courts when they are grown.*

Oh, kindergartners, my sisters, is there not some one of you in whose heart the thought of service in India has been stirring? It may have been an unwelcome guest, it may have been a hidden yet a burning desire, an unsatisfied longing to spend life in a way that shall win the Master's "Well done." If this be true, let me tell you from my own experience that you will never be as happy in anything else as in obeying the "still small voice" that says, "This is the way, walk ye in it." Not for an instant would I urge one to go who is clearly convinced that the Lord has nothing for her to do in India, and perfect acquiescence in his will is *sure* to make the path of duty clear. Be sure you are right before you say to the board, "Here am I, send me," but beware of *ever* saying to God, "I pray thee have me excused."

Very sincerely yours,

HARRIET PHILLIPS STONE.

Battle Creek, Mich.

BUDDHISM AND ITS EFFECTS IN JAPAN

So obscure and so complicated are the teachings of Buddhism in its many forms that to understand it rightly one must not only be born into the faith, he must give years of research and of prolonged and severe meditation to the study of its mysteries. Yet in our study of Japan we cannot evade the hard problem. So great has been the influence of Buddhism in the Sunrise Land that a Japanese writer says: "The heart of my country, the power of my country, the light of my country is Buddhism." Professor Chamberlain, a high authority on all Japanese matters, writes: "Buddhism was the teacher under whose instruction the Japanese grew up. All education was for centuries in Buddhist hands. Buddhism introduced art, introduced medicine, molded the folklore of the country, created its dramatic poetry, deeply influenced politics, and every sphere of social and intellectual activity."

Scherer says that though Shintoism is now the recognized religion of the state, yet Buddhism, the "gorgeous religion of India, is enormously more attractive, and wields even now a powerful influence over the ignorant masses."

So if we would know the people whom our missionaries wish to help, we must know something of this faith which is the only religion of many millions of the human race. To find its origin we must go back to a time five or six centuries before Christ, when to an Indian prince not very far from Benares, already a holy city, was born a son. The family name was Gautama, but the young prince was known in his lifetime by his personal name, Siddhartha. Through all the centuries since we know him as the Buddha, or the Enlightened One. We read that, grown to manhood in the luxury of an Oriental prince, he was so struck by the sight, in a single day, of a man decrepit and senile in old age, of another smitten with loathsome, hopeless disease, and of the horror of a gruesome, decomposing human body, that he turned away from all the delights of earth. He dared not trust himself to say good-by to his wife, tenderly beloved, nor to his newly born son, but he left them, and went out into the wilderness to become a penniless and despised student, a homeless wanderer. To him, after years of penance and vigils, the promise of Christ was made good long before it was spoken, "Seek and ye shall find," and his feet were led into the path of peace. Then with the power that earnestness always gives he began to communicate to others the truth that filled his own soul, and in a few years disciples attended all his ways. He taught them the four great truths, that misery always accompanies existence, that all animal life is the result of passion, that to escape existence one must destroy passion, and that this may be accomplished by the fourfold way to Nirvana. To do this one must realize his need and free himself from all evil desires, from ignorance, from doubt, from heresy,

and from unkindliness and vexation. "Buddhism does not acknowledge the existence of a soul distinct from the parts and powers of man which are dissolved at death, and its Nirvana is simply extinction."

The new faith spread rapidly through the provinces of India, extended to Burma, Siam, and China, and after a thousand years of growth and many modifications it came to Japan, priests from Korea carrying it across the sea in the year 520 A. D.

These missionaries found Japan a country thinly settled with a people still savages. Full of enthusiasm and wise in both doctrine and practice, they taught civilization as well as their creed. They needed better roads that they might pass up and down the land, and they helped to make them. They dug wells, built bridges, made ferries, pacified quarrels, and taught men to be neighbors. They stimulated traffic and brought many new vegetables from the mainland to enrich the food of the islanders. They discouraged the use of animal food, but made amends by teaching many secrets of fine cookery.

These *bonzes*, or priests, were lovers of beauty, too, and even more devoted to the æsthetic than to the strictly practical. To their instruction the Japanese owe their wonderful art of landscape gardening with all its subtle suggestiveness, and their unrivaled power of making "leaf and bloom teach history, religion, philosophy, æsthetics, and patriotism."

They taught the people to build houses instead of huts, and in almost every home in the land were images showing the incarnation of some Buddha. They chose commanding sites on high land for their temples and monasteries, sites whence they could see and where they could be seen, like a city set on a hill. Devout believers made many pilgrimages to these shrines, coming from all parts of the country. So they gained not only religious merit, but knowledge of their country, a wider acquaintance with their fellows, and great relief from the humdrum of daily life.

The priests themselves went up and down the land with bare, shaven heads, clad in the costume by which they had been known since the time of Siddhartha, a garment of cotton cloth of a faded yellow. They have no homes and no property of their own, and many of them live entirely by begging. They eat no solid food except between sunrise and noon, and must never taste intoxicating liquor. The monk takes his begging bowl, a brown earthenware bowl much like a soup tureen with no cover, and begs straight from house to house. He says nothing, only holds out the bowl. If he receive a gift he offers a prayer for the donor, if not he passes on in silence. He carries always a water strainer to strain all that he drinks so that he may not accidentally destroy the life of any living creature. These priests spend their time largely in self-culture or meditation,

thinking so to follow the path to Nirvana. More recently some of them are preachers to the common people, and if we may judge by the specimens of their oratory that come to us, very entertaining preachers they sometimes are.

The architecture of their temples is often very imposing, the halls being spacious and lofty, and decorated profusely with gilding, color, and carving, all rich in symbolism. The temples are amply furnished with pictures, shrines, idols, and all paraphernalia of worship. Dr. Griffis says: "Millions of stone statues, of wayside effigies, outdoors and unroofed, are irreverently called by the Japanese themselves wet gods. Hosts upon hosts of lacquered and gilded images in wood, sheltered under temple tiles or shingles, still attract worshippers. Despite shiploads of copper Buddhas exported as old metal to Europe and America, and thousands of tons of gods or imps melted into coin or cannon, there are yet myriads of metal reminders of these fruits of a religion that once educated and satisfied, but in the main they no longer inspire nor awaken enthusiasm."

A great part of the worship is the repetition thousands of times of the name of Buddha, or of some ascription of praise to him. The temples are also a center for the life of the people, all sorts of pleasure, both good and bad, being found in their precincts. "Not only shops and bazaars, fairs and markets, games and sports, cluster around them, but also curiosities and works of popular art, the relics of war, and trophies of travel and adventure."

The central thought of Buddhism is found in the word Karma, meaning law, fate, or cause and effect, that all we are now is the result of actions in some pre-existent state, a pitiless creed with no word of a Father God, no love nor mercy. To attain to nothingness is its highest ideal. Buddhists are divided into many sects, differing somewhat in outer observance and in detail of creed, but agreeing in the main. In the centuries since Siddhartha found the way to peace a few other earnest souls have been able to follow the difficult path, and others will do so in coming days so there may be many Buddhas.

Buddhism has done many good things for Japan, many it has failed to do. Buddhism has built no hospitals, no homes for the poor, no sheltering orphanage for little children; it teaches little sympathy or practical benevolence. Knowing nothing of the Fatherhood of God, it can tell us little of the brotherhood of man. Careful for the life of animals, it sets small value on the life of men.

It recognizes woman only as the servant of men, as a child to be subject to all the male members of the family, and as a wife to be divorced easily for any one of seven causes. Convents for nuns are numerous, but in none of them do the women attain the dignity and honor we associate with sisters of mercy.

With all that is pure and lofty in its teaching, we must still reckon Buddhism as a "defective religion," falling far short of the needs of man. To add to all its good the knowledge of the God who is our Father, of the Saviour who died to show us the Father's love, and of the Spirit who abides with us to teach, to comfort, to sanctify, this is the task to which our missionaries give themselves—the task in which they need the help which we can give.—*Life and Light.*



India Postage.

Letters, 5 cents for each half-ounce or fraction thereof;
newspapers, 1 cent for each two ounces or fraction thereof.

from the field

WHAT TO PREPARE FOR THE INDIA BOXES *

MY DEAR MRS. WHITCOMB :—

I must sit down in the midst of unprepared lessons and waiting duties to write HELPER readers what Dr. Mary and others wish me to carry back to India next fall, to help in their preparations for Christmas. The first thing is the bag for school books which is so universal out there. It looks something like illustration on next page.

It is a piece of calico about eighteen inches square. Two sides are hemmed, each of the remaining sides doubled together and seamed, and a tape about eighteen inches long is sewed to the point, making a school bag to delight the heart of any Brownie. The "tape" may be a strip of the calico run together. The cloth does not need to be of the best quality, but the brighter the better.

Besides these bags (of which we can use several hundred) scrapbooks are

* Fifty cents per cubic foot must be sent to the treasurer, Miss L. A. DeMeritte, Ocean Park, Me., for freight on boxes sent to India, otherwise their forwarding cannot be assured.

desirable, made of bright-colored cambric with pinked covers and eight leaves, besides the covers, and with bright pictures pasted in them. The young Bengali does not appreciate a delicately tinted landscape or a lovely moonlight scene. He wants something alive—an animal, a bird, or a person.

Then there are dolls to be dressed, not elaborate costumes, nor big dolls. From eight to ten inches in length—black-haired, if possible, and china heads without real(?) hair. Insects make sad havoc with the hair, and the heat unglues it, and an otherwise lovely doll comes out baldheaded, with a fearsome cavity at the back. Glued-in eyes, too, fare badly, and a pitiful lot of blind dolls sometimes greets us when we begin to examine left overs to see if any of them can be used for another year.

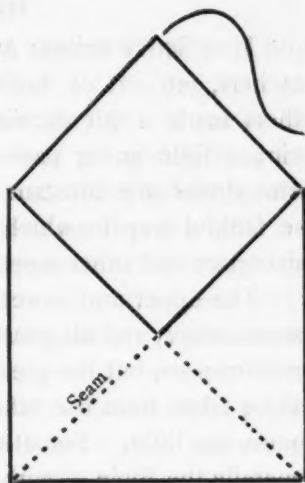
Lead pencils are a great help, and some of those advertising foot rules, also advertising little note books; while for our girls who have learned to sew we are glad of thimbles (small ones), thread and needles, and little bags to put them in—bags about 5 x 4, with a string to draw them up.

Another thing I'm going to dare to ask for—Sunday-school pictures selected from the rolls and mounted! It means work, but it would be a boon. Many of the pictures in the rolls are really of no use to us. We want selected pictures representing something—a miracle, a parable, or some circumstance in the life of Christ, or some Old Testament character. Cheese cloth does very well for mounting. Beginning with Christ's birth, get those representing his life and work. Mount them and put up in rolls of six, eight, or ten, as convenient, and have them all ready for taking out in our country work, and you will call down blessings from whatever missionary is fortunate enough to get them. Perhaps they would want more in one roll than I have mentioned.

Now I shall expect the most valuable lot of helps to take back with me that we've ever had, after this elaborate description.

L. C. COOMBS.

541 Lexington Ave., New York City.



TWO WORDS FROM OUR LORD.—Our Lord's two works are his finished and his unfinished work. The first he invites us to accept as his free gift to us. The other he asks us to continue for him in the world by telling men that his finished work is theirs for acceptance. The two words of the Lord are "Come," "Go,"—come to me for personal healing; go for me to the healing of the world.—*Life and Light.*

HAPPENINGS IN BALASORE

MISS SCOTT writes : At the Bible class examinations of the zenana and school teachers, ten out of twelve passed, two doing exceedingly well, while all the others made a fair showing, considering their age and many duties, only two being a little under pass marks. Most of my teachers are getting old. Their home duties are constant and trying, and I think they deserve great credit for the faithful way in which they do their teaching, attend the Bible class, the missionary and other meetings, besides the regular church services.

The upper and lower primary pupils in the Ghat School have had their test examinations, and all passed. This year there is a greater number than in any previous year, but the great pity is that now most of these clever, interesting girls will be taken from the school and shut up in homes where education in women counts for little. Sometimes a girl who has left school continues to read — generally the Bible — with me in her home ; but in most cases their school days are our only opportunity of helping them for the present and the future. We know that the labor will not be in vain, for besides having interests unknown to their ignorant sisters, they cannot forget the many verses and hymns learned at school, nor shake off the Christian influence.

Miss Dawson writes : I have been thinking for a long time of industrial work for our girls in the Orphanage. In the past twelve months I have been teaching them to work hemstitched handkerchiefs. If I had the funds at hand I should like to do the work in linen which would find a better market and be more profitable. Many of the girls have done very nicely, and if the handkerchiefs could be made in linen they could make sufficient to support themselves. Another thing we are trying is ready-made clothing. Two or three of the girls have learned to work the sewing machine, and I see no reason why they should not be able to compete with the tailors, and get all the work of the Christian community. Of course, money is needed with which to buy material, etc., and on which to run the work until it can be made self-supporting. These are the only things we have tried at present, but if there were funds available, I believe there are other profitable industries which could be started.

Do not draw back from any way because you have not passed there before. The truth, the task, the joy, the suffering, on whose border you are standing, oh, my friend, to-day, go into it without a fear, only go into it with God — the God who has been always with you. Let the past give up to you all the assurance of him which it contains. Set that assurance of him before you. Follow that, and the new life to which it leads you shall open its best riches to you.—*Phillips Brooks.*

TREASURER'S NOTES

THE receipts for March from auxiliaries have been unusually small. I hope all will take note of this in making their May offering, and in collecting dues and special contributions for the third quarter, which closes May 31. I realize the great need of General Conference, and that our workers are giving time and money to it. I would not abate this interest in the least. But, beloveds, while we work and give for our whole denomination, let us pray that the gold and silver may come to us from unexpected sources, for experience has taught me that God is not limited in the supply of our need; if we only trust him we are sure to get it. The more perfectly we can say, "I am depending upon nothing but God," who is "All-Strength, All Power, and All-Opulence," the surer we are of abundant supplies, because then we have an inexhaustible source to draw from.

As an illustration of the fact that when receipts from regular sources are small they are made up in some other way is this month's experience with the treasury: the estate of Mrs. Rebecca Hall, of Poland, New York, has paid \$190, and a gentleman in Alexandria, South Dakota, Mr. V. K. Stillwell, has contributed \$50. He has given in amount just the increase for two years in appropriations, made last October, to the town and primary schools at Midnapore. Also Mrs. Emily R. Kendall of Bowdoinham, Me., has contributed \$60 — \$10 for general work, \$25 for Miss Sims's salary of Storer College, and \$25 for furnishing rooms in Myrtle Hall, Storer College. A long-time friend of the Woman's Missionary Society sends \$25 for the permanent fund. She writes a very tender letter, in which she speaks of the way the society was organized—"among the mountains of New Hampshire." She says: "God set his seal upon our work in our success and prosperity which he gave us. . . . May God grant us women of the denomination wisdom and strength to do his will, and work unselfishly in that path which he has marked out for us." This lady helped in organizing the society, and is almost the last of her generation of women devoted to its work. How tender we should be in our thought of these pioneers in woman's work!

Our former superintendent of literature, Mrs. Avery, has remitted \$8 for sale of *Sinclair Memorial*. Our new superintendent is receiving orders for this dainty booklet. I am very glad this story of the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair is being widely distributed. I hope the whole edition will find its way into homes that will be incited, by the story, to larger service for others.

As you have noticed by the call of our secretary, that special meeting of the F. B. W. M. S. will be held in Haverhill, Mass., Tuesday afternoon and evening, May 9. We are sure of a hearty welcome by the church in Haverhill, and it is hoped that a good number of women will attend this meeting. The report of the committee on Joint Committee Plan will be considered and acted upon at this

time. The report will be the result of very earnest, prayerful thought, and it will aim, I believe, to voice the sentiment of the majority of our workers. A woman recently hinted at a division among our workers. That is not to be thought of for a moment. While each should be true to her own convictions, yet when the majority settle the matter, the minority, should there be one, should commit their case to God and sweetly fall in line with majority rule. My faith is that we shall. Whether we can go to the meeting or not, let us, *let us* commit the Plan, the committee's report, *all* unreservedly to God, desiring nothing but his will to be done. And having done all, *stand* in his might.

When the workers read these notes the May thank-offering will have begun. It is our fifteenth. I hope every one will bear in mind that without it we should have a yearly deficit; besides, a thank offering made in the spirit of gratitude to the Giver of all our blessings draws us nearer to God, and makes our dependence on him more real. Remember, too, that the offering can be used for life members, and the giver may designate how it may be used, provided it is for the regular work of the W. M. S., like salaries of missionaries, teachers at Storer College, kindergarten, or Western work. If any one wishes to contribute to special work, aside from what States assume, I suggest it be for the salary of Miss M. E. Dawson, the devoted superintendent of Sinclair Orphanage, for kindergarten work at Balasore, for salary of Miss Sims at Storer, or for passage of Miss Coombs and Miss Barnes. Will not churches without auxiliaries, and *all* auxiliaries, hold a thank-offering service in May, preferably a public one on the Sabbath? Make it attractive with music and flowers, and above all throw around it the atmosphere of thankfulness for all God's mercies. If any cannot attend a public gathering, keep the spirit of the offering with God alone, and send the gift to the proper treasurer. Sometimes it is easier for one thus giving to send the gift directly to me. If so, send it by registered mail, by money order payable at Dover, N. H., or by check.

There has been a yearly increase in the thank-offering. I trust this year will be no exception to the rule. A few more observances of the service, with as large offerings from those who have contributed in the past, will bring our total to \$1,700. Will we not work and pray for this, and hold \$1,700 in our thought in the Quiet Hour?

LAURA A. DEMERITTE, *Treasurer.*

A GOOD aim well kept to, is a good deed. To live with a high ideal, is a successful life. It is not what one does, but what he tries to do, that makes the soul strong and fit for a noble career. All life is a discipline; and if we are brought to take God's will as our own, we gain the highest success that is possible to man.—*E. P. Kenney.*

Helps for Monthly Meetings

"With knowledge to supply the fuel, the Word and Spirit to add the spark, and prayer to fan the flame, missionary fires will be kindled, and souls will be set ablaze with holy zeal."

+ + +

TOPICS FOR 1905

January—An Outline Study of Japan:
1. The Island Empire.
February—Prayer and Praise.
March—2. The Making of the Nation.
April—The Young People's Missionary Movement.
May—Thank-Offering.
June—3. The Religions of Japan.
July—4. Modern Christian Missions.
August—Outing.
September—5. Woman's Work for Woman.
October—Roll-call and Membership Meeting. Missionary Helper.
November—6. Forces in the Conflict.
December—Christmas in Missions at Home and Abroad.

JUNE.—THE RELIGIONS OF JAPAN

("Dux Christus," Chapter III.)

Suggestive Program

USUAL opening exercises.

Bible reading: "Christ's Work in Us." 1 Cor. 2: 9-14; Eph. 1: 17. *Regenerated.* Titus 3: 5, 6. *A New Creature.* John 1: 13. *Transformed.* Rom. 12: 1; Eph. 2: 1-6; Rom. 8: 21. *The Outcome of His Work in Us—* Faultless. 1 John 3: 2; Ps. 17: 15; Eph. 3: 8-11.

—Mrs. J. H. Knowles at Northfield.

Prayer.

The leader should state that the purpose of this meeting is not merely to learn what the religions of Japan are, but especially what they have done for the people, and what they have failed to do.

Papers or talks: (a) Shintoism.
(b) Buddhism.
(c) Confucianism.

Followed by discussion which shall bring out the strong points of each religion—what good qualities it has given to the Japanese character or custom as an abiding possession; also its weaknesses and failures, and how Christianity can supply the lack—spiritual power.

NOTE.—Use the pictures 4-9, 13, with the accompanying descriptions. All members should give as much previous careful thought to the discussion, as the few members must to the papers and talks. Refer to the third chapter of "Sunrise in the Sunrise Kingdom," with its closing "Questions for Study."

The Missionary Helper Branch of the International Sunshine Society

Have you had a kindness shown?

Pass it on.

'Twas not given for you alone—

Pass it on.

Let it travel down the years,

Let it wipe another's tears,

Till in heaven the deed appears,

Pass it on.

ALL letters, packages, or inquiries concerning this page, or Sunshine work, should be addressed to Mrs. Rivington D. Lord, 593 Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., president of this branch.

As Miss Emilie E. Barnes is a member of the HELPER Branch, it is most fitting that our Branch should be represented in the "Roll of Honor," and that we have at least one sunshine share. We hope our members will be glad to give small amounts.

"Let me to others strive to be

As good as God has been to me."

Miss Elizabeth A. Hunt writes: "This is my first spring to live in the country, and I am planning to send the first life of spring to those dear ones who cannot enjoy the beauties of mother nature." This is such a happy idea that we trust others will do the same, then many who are unable to get out will receive bits of the glad springtime to cheer their clouded lives.

Three beautiful poems written by Mrs. M. J. Fultz have been received. This sunshine member is living a life filled with loving acts for others, and we are thankful that she is a member of our sunshine family.

Mrs. Louisa T. Mead is passing on the HELPER to an invalid in Texas, and has given fifty cents for a gold I. S. S. pin.

Mrs. David E. Love and Miss Edna L. Love each gave fifty cents for gold pins.

Mrs. Bessie A. Strong is passing on her HELPER as her especial dues, but we know of other kindly acts that are not reported.

Mrs. J. A. Vandervoort is also cheering a sister by passing on the HELPER.

Mrs. F. J. Lyon has given twenty-five cents for our good cheer work.

Mrs. J. M. West a large number of assorted leaflets which have been most thankfully received.

Mrs. Thera B. True reports, as her dues, having passed on sunshine to a shut-in, a package of colored S. S. papers to Mrs. Oxrieder, and a hand-made booklet of helpful poems.

Miss Winnie G. Hunter has sent in three books, a very timely gift, as books are always needed.

Mrs. Emma E. Hammond reports sending out ninety religious papers during the past year, and is continuing this good work.

Miss E. J. Small, with her usual thoughtfulness, sent in a number of stamps for Easter postage.

Mrs. Ora G. Wells has reported sunshine acts each month since becoming a member. Her last letter tells of letters and booklets sent to invalid sisters.

Miss Lillian F. Smith has helped to cheer others by kind deeds, and reports that she has received packages of print pieces, and wishes to thank Mrs. Valmar Hanson, Mrs. Angie Roberts, and Mrs. Enma R. Dolley.

We also wish to thank Mrs. Dolley for a gift of twenty-five cents, and request that she send her address, as these kind acts entitle her to enrolment.

ANNUAL CONVENTION

The International Executive Board announces that the Seventh International Annual Convention will be held May 18, 19, 20, at Niagara Falls, N. Y. Regular business sessions will be interspersed with pleasure, as the Western New York Division has outlined an enjoyable program including dinners, musicales, receptions, etc., and sight-seeing of all kinds. Sunshine members and their friends are urged to attend. We trust that all the members of this Branch who can will take advantage of this opportunity.

Practical Christian Living

"Pure religion as taught by Jesus Christ is a life, a growth, a divine spirit within, coming out in sympathy and helpfulness to our fellow-men."

✦ ✦ ✦

OUR QUIET HOUR

(10 A. M.)

Oh, Sweet, Still Hour

BY MRS. MARY B. WINGATE

Oh, sweet, still hour, we feel thy power,
We need thy strength to-day.
Help us to leave the things that grieve
And simply, truly pray.

Through sun or mist to keep our tryst
With our unfailing friend;
To come apart and learn the art
Of trusting to the end.

We cannot rise to higher skies,
And lofty strains outpour,
On earth-born wings. The soul that sings
Must stoop that it may soar.

Just here and now to Thee we bow
In reverence, at thy feet;
Thy will alone in us is done,
Thy words our lips repeat.

Abide in Him. Not for a season only; not like a traveler, lodging for the night, or a guest, coming and sitting down at the table for an hour and then gone! "And now, little children, abide in Him." Stay there, go in to stay, go in to stay in such a sense that you never venture out. . . . The secret of blessing is *abiding in Him*, for, observe, if we abide in Him he cannot but abide in us any more than the atmosphere can help abiding in me if I abide in the atmosphere, any more than the fire can help abiding in the iron if the iron is in the fire and kept in the fire. . . . And, so far as he abides in us, he will be reproduced in us, as the atmosphere tends to produce in us the vitality which is in itself, and so nourishes our vitality, and as the fire tends to put into the iron the qualities of the fire.

I think the great trouble with us is, that there is so little practical abiding in Christ. We come into the influence of public meetings of a sacred and spiritual character, and for a time it is like being in the fire and getting the glow and the brilliancy and the heat of the flame; but we go out of meetings of a spiritual character into the world, and Christ is not practically carried with us. We do not find the atmosphere in which we have been abiding for a time, in our social life, in our family life, in our business life, and the consequence is that all the benefit and blessing which we have received at the time, or supposed ourselves to have received, proves transient and delusive. Where is the abiding in Christ? Where is real zeal for our Master? I want to be prepared for his coming by being prepared for the next moment's duty, by finding a coming of Christ to me in every duty, in every delight, in every morning's light, in every evening's shade. I want missions to be the common level of my life; I want the desire for the

knowledge of the Scriptures, communion with God, sympathy for souls, compassion for the lost, to be the abiding frame of my whole existence. I do not know any other preparation for his coming than preparation for present fellowship with him, moment by moment, hour by hour. "And now, little children, abide in him." Take him as your element, so that you may feel stifled whenever you get outside the holy atmosphere of his presence.—*From an address by Dr. Pierson.*

THE STARPORT CRADLE ROLL

It wasn't a very long Cradle Roll, but it had a distinguished sound. It reminded you of your childhood list of English sovereigns, "Henry, Stephen, and Henry, then Richard and John." Down next to the end came also a Wilhelmina, but it rather lessened the royal effect to have the list wind up with a Mary Ann. And yet, when you stop and remember your history, Mary Ann is doubly royal. The reason why the Starport Cradle Roll was so short was not due to lack of zeal in its founder, but due simply to lack of cradles. Babies seemed to have gone out of fashion in Starport. Another unique feature of this little village Cradle Roll was that it did not originate with the minister's wife. Starport had a minister's wife, and the minister's wife had a cradle; but she was new, not only to her maternal responsibility, but to parish work in general and to missions in particular. Besides, she was the type of woman that seldom originates things. On the contrary, the doctor's wife was born to the helm, and had been brought up on missions. She came to Starport fresh from a college mission study class, and took to the Endeavor work and the woman's auxiliary as a duck takes to water. The Cradle Roll was her scheme, and she contributed, in addition to the motive power, two of the babies—her sturdy little yearling twins. The minister's wife contributed Henry the first on the Roll, the Roll being not alphabetical, but chronological, with the newest baby in the place of honor at the top. This arrangement accounted for little Mary Ann at the foot of the list. She came suspiciously near the age limit, being either four or five, according to whether her Celtic mother was taking her on an electric car or trying to put her in public school. That she had a Celtic mother of elastic conscience did not bar Mary Ann from the Starport Cradle Roll, because the doctor's wife insisted that Mary Ann was a dear little girl, and unless a priest ten miles off should see fit to interfere, the Cradle Roll should be one bigger for the pretty little Papist, and the little Papist so much the happier, at least, for the Cradle Roll. The serious problem came over Baby Stephen up at the big house with the pillared portico. Stephen's grandmother, Madame Lane, sometimes came to missionary meetings, but his mother was not a native of Starport, and had never seemed to care much for local society. The doctor's wife had a way, when she wanted a thing done,

of assuming that it would be easy to do, a habit that saved her much anxiety. So she rang the pillared door bell and sent in her card, as calm to all appearance as if she were paying an every-day call. Once face to face with the ladies of the mansion it was not difficult to introduce the subject of the new baby at the parsonage, and to explain her plan of inviting those ladies in the village who had very little children to meet at her house on Thursday afternoon to introduce the other little folk to the newcomer. Madame Lane and her daughter-in-law accepted the invitation gracefully both for themselves and for the heir of the house.

Dr. Kent asked his wife that evening if her conscience didn't prick over this method of entrapping the unwary into a missionary meeting. "Who said anything about having a missionary meeting?" answered she, with round-eyed surprise.

Besides mothers and grandmothers Mrs. Kent invited a few maiden aunts. Some because they were interested in missions, others because they were not. Anna Kent's invitations were always accepted. Perhaps it was because she lived in one of the old mansions of Starport, but more likely it was because her parlors were sunny and homelike, and because she herself was much like her rooms. The only household preparations she deemed necessary when the day arrived were a few extra flowers, some "animal crackers," and a collection of possible playthings, all the way from her amber beads to the egg-beater.

The first arrival was the parsonage baby, escorted in state by both father and mother—the father carrying the precious bundle, as young fathers delight to, and the mother adjusting the wraps and bestowing advice, as young mothers are apt to. It took both father and mother, assisted by the hostess, to find the baby in the midst of the white worsteds that enveloped it, and then the father reluctantly took his leave, not being on the favored list. The next arrival was little Mary Ann, whose proud and happy mother had spared neither soap nor starch in her preparation. Mrs. McGrath came as far as the door with a beaming face, but refused Anna's friendly urging to come in. Last of the eight little guests to arrive was Baby Lane, whose escort included, besides his mother and grandmother, a white capped nurse. This extra formality had a wee bit chilling effect at first on the mothers who had wheeled their own babies, but it soon passed off when the fun began.

Anna Kent's program was not original, for she had borrowed it bodily from a missionary book. It was "Tableaux in China." She had extemporized three or four gay little Chinese costumes with skull caps and embroidered shoes, which did duty in each tableau on varying children. Not having a drop curtain or even folding doors, she resorted to the simple contrivance of asking her adult audience to shut their eyes while the stage manager was at work. In the first

tableau Mrs. Kent set her own pair of babies, in the gay Oriental costume, down into a little rough packing box spilling over with excelsior and crumpled wrapping paper. This was entitled, "A box of precious china." Every tableau was a pictured pun. The last was the crowning attempt. Its name was "My new china dinner set." Round a low table on hassocks sat three or four Chinese tots, with a dish of boiled rice in the center of the table, in which they were poking their chopsticks with greatest glee and effect.

Leaving the babies their chopsticks, but rescuing the dish of rice, Mrs. Kent sat down at the piano and improvising a rollicking accompaniment sang "Little Mousey Brown" in a way that made even babies listen. Then came the number on the program in which was embodied the missionary kernel. She passed around to each baby a tiny sealed envelope on which was written the question, "Why am I glad I am not a little heathen Chinese?" By the help of maternal fingers a folded sheet was extracted from each envelope and the answers read aloud in turn, a different answer in each, one of the sad facts of Chinese baby life. Of course the sadness did not cloud the little faces, but Mrs. Kent hoped that a missionary seed had found lodgment in a few adult memories.

Then came the final ceremony for which the whole had been planned. Out from behind the piano came a large sheet of cardboard painted with floating cherubs, and at the top in gay letters, "Starport Cradle Roll." When Mrs. Kent explained that she wanted every Starport baby's name on the Roll, as members of a club of babies who were glad they slept in Christian cradles, not a baby demurred, and not a mother refused to guide the baby fist to pencil his name for the first time. The most imposing signature on the completed list was "Stephen Landsdowne Lane."

Several minutes before the hour appointed for adjournment the minister arrived to escort his family home. He apologized by saying that his watch was probably fast. He did not appear to be in the least hurry, however, and was actually the very last to take final leave. It takes so much longer to wrap up a first baby than a fifth, but finally the father shouldered the little white bundle and gave an extra tuck to the blanket at the feet, while the mother put in an extra pin at the head, and the door closed behind them.

As Anna Kent came back into the sitting-room she found her doctor with one twin on his shoulder, and the other kicking ecstatically under his arm.

"Well, Nan, did your Cradle Roll suit you?"

"I shall not tell you a single word about it now; you know you have no business to keep office patients waiting just to satisfy your curiosity! But I have scored two points. Mrs. Lane whispered to me that she wanted the next Cradle meeting at her house, and the minister's little wife borrowed that book about Chinese babies. What do you suppose she said she wanted it for? She said they had decided to have their boy a minister, and she wanted to begin to teach him everything that ministers have to know about missions and things!"

"Whew!" said the doctor as he disappeared into the office.—*Mrs. Alice G. West, in Life and Light.*

Words from Home Workers

"The most fortunate men and women are those who have worthy work to do, and who do it because they love it."

* * *

THE WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Our year is fast drawing to its close. At this time last year we had received about \$100 more than this year. How is this deficit to be made up? I know of but one way—increasing our thank offerings in number and amount. Last year we came within eighty-seven dollars of reaching our apportionment. Shall we not make a great effort to reach the goal this year? We can. Shall we? "Faith and works win." I am sure New Hampshire will rally, and go ahead of last year's record, which was a good one. Let's make this year the best yet.

Dover, N. H.

ETHEL E. DEMERITT, *Treas. N. H. W. M. S.*

VERMONT.—*Attention!* We have entered upon the third quarter of our year, and less than one-fourth of our apportionment for Dr. Shirley Smith has been raised. It is time, dear sisters, for us to arouse ourselves to immediate action, for "the King's business requireth haste." I wish that each auxiliary and church would consider how much better it is for them and for the work, to make quarterly remittances, than to wait and pay all at the end of the year. Will not all who are in arrears make an earnest effort to remit to me by the last of May? Remember the thank-offering service in May. Plan for it and pray for it, that heartfelt thanks for the blessings and bounties of the past year may find expression in tangible form, and the Lord's treasury be greatly increased. The thank-offering in each church will be counted as part of their apportionment. Invitations and envelopes may be obtained free upon application to Miss Edyth R. Porter, 45 Andover St., Peabody, Mass.

North Danville.

(MISS) HATTIE L. PARKER, *Sec. and Treas.*

MICHIGAN.—Our society at West Kinderhook has been organized about eighteen years, and has had only three presidents, Miss Elida Purdy, Mrs. Anise Strong, and Mrs. Ida Cole, all of whom have been faithful and efficient officers. In all these years there has been a deep, untiring interest in the mission cause in the home land and foreign field. Scarcely a year have we missed having twelve monthly meetings, nearly always having some kind of employment to obtain money or to assist any one in society or neighborhood who needed help. The field in India is dear to us. The Bilhorn church in Chicago claims our special interest. Several members of the church and society have contributed to liquidate their church debt, besides sending clothing and food for those whom they are trying to lead up to a better life. We are greatly interested in the Unicoi School in Tennessee; also in raising the \$3,000 mission debt. Voted

\$5 for same at last meeting, and will give more. The work of our own State and the Western field is near to our hearts. We consider it a duty, yes, a great privilege, to help along these lines of work for our Lord, who has blessed us in so many ways. Once only in these years has the Reaper entered our society. Then from our midst was taken Mrs. Julia Jones, and we lost a most faithful and interested member. We have only eleven members; but at our meetings of late, from sixteen to eighteen ladies have been in attendance, and they all cheerfully help us with our work. Five HELPERS are taken. We have observed the thank-offering three years, and are now planning for the next in May. Our collection has been \$8.50 each time. No gathering of the year is better appreciated by the audience. With God as our leader, and the HELPER and *Star* for information and inspiration, we hope to do better work in the future than in the past.

(MRS.) A. BRADLEY, *Agent for Helper.*

(MRS.) ANISE STRONG, *Cor. Sec.*

PENTECOST AMONG THE TELUGUS.—The most remarkable movement of modern times has taken place among the Telugus of Southern India. In the American Baptist Mission, a short distance north of Madras, with Nellore as a center, 10,000 natives embraced Christianity in one year. Previous to this movement there had been so little success that the mission was about to be abandoned, when, largely through the influence of Dr. Jewett, it was voted to reinforce the mission. Dr. Clough joined Dr. Jewett in 1865, and his work in Ongo'e among the leather workers, called madigas, became more promising. About ten years later came the severe famine of 1876 and 1877. Dr. Clough, who in his younger days had studied civil engineering, secured a contract from government to complete part of an important canal, and thus work and the means of subsistence were provided for thousands of famishing people. Native overseers from among the Christians were placed over groups of fifty or one hundred men and women (for women also worked, carrying baskets of earth upon their heads). Those Christian helpers often worked with them, encouraging them, and at noon they told them the story of the cross as the people rested for their scanty meal. Suffering had made their hearts tender, and gratitude also led them to come in groups and place themselves under Christian instruction. After the famine, when they had been carefully instructed, and their motives and conduct had been tested, they were baptized and received into the church by thousands. The movement has continued with steady and gradual increase to the present time, and the church members are now more than 53,000. These movements in India have been almost exclusively among the lower classes, and the number of Christians is very small when compared with India's heathen millions.

Juniors

A DOLLY OF MINE

(Recitation for a child, who holds up the dollie mite-box.)

BY A. G.

I HAVE a bright-faced dolly,
All dressed in gown of blue.
In her hand a tiny candle
Sheds some light for me and you.

Mamma says all through our country
Many such a dolly dear
Smiles upon some little owner,
Tells its message without fear.

What's the message? Look and read it!
See, she asks for pennies bright,
Dropped into her dainty pocket,
Far away to send the Light.

Dolly is not selfish either,
Not a penny does she keep.
Every one goes - oh, so far off,
'Way across the waters deep.

Is she not a happy dolly?
Shall I not be happy, too,
When we may just work together,
Loving deeds for Christ to do?

CRADLE ROLL LIST

(Rolls that have paid from Jan. 1, 1904, to March 31, 1905.)

Maine.—Blaine, Chester, Dover and Foxcroft, Fort Fairfield, Georgetown, Houlton, Island Falls, Lebanon (2d church), Lisbon, Madison, North Berwick, Ocean Park, Portland, Presque Isle, Sprague's Mills, Steep Falls, South Portland (Cape Elizabeth), Saco (Cutts Ave.), Topsham, West Falmouth.—20.

New Hampshire.—Ashland, Belmont (2d church), Bristol, Canterbury, Dover (Washington St. church), Danville, Epsom, Farmington, Gonic, Hampton, Laconia, Loudon Center, Manchester Meredith Center, New Durham, Northwood Ridge, Pittsfield, Somersworth.—18.

Vermont.—St. Johnsbury.—1.

Massachusetts.—Amesbury, Cambridge, Lowell (Chelmsford St.), Lowell (Paige St.), Somerville.—5.

Rhode Island.—Carolina, Chepachet, Greenville, Pawtucket, Providence (Park St.), Providence (Roger Williams).—6.

New York.—Poland.—1.

Pennsylvania.—Marshlands.—1.

Michigan.—Highlands, Kingston, Kibbie, Mason, North Reading, Sanilac (Q. M.).—6.

Iowa.—Aurora, Ames, Farmington, Mt. Zion, Wilton, Wilton Junction.—6.

Minnesota.—Brainerd, Delevan, Winona.—3.

Kansas.—Dentonville, Horton, Hickory Grove, Summit.—4.

Nebraska.—Lincoln.—1.

Nova Scotia.—Conference.—1.

ADVANCED LIGHT BEARERS

Maine.—Ft. Fairfield, Presque Isle.—2.

New Hampshire.—Bristol, Loudon Center.—2.

Rhode Island.—Pawtucket.—1.

Total.—78.

LITTLE LIGHT BEARERS' SONG

TUNE, "Lightly Row"

Here we stand, here we stand
 Light Bearers a happy band
 As we sing, as we sing
 Praises to our King.
 Little Light Bearers are we,
 Shining everywhere you see.
 See us shine, see us shine
 For our King divine.

Little Lights, little Lights
 Make the world all fair and bright,
 Filled with love, filled with love
 From our God above.
 He is light and truth and love
 In his heavenly home above,
 So we shine, so we shine
 For our King divine.

Now we raise, now we raise
 All our voices in His praise.
 We proclaim, we proclaim
 Blessings in his name.
 Let these little tapers be
 For the children o'er the sea,
 For we know, for we know
 Jesus loves them so.

—Selected.

A FAMILY THANK-OFFERING BOX

JILL and I wanted our thank offering to be bigger than usual this year. We had talked it over with Aunt Mary, but no plan just suited us. But we got it at last, and the way it came about was this:—

I was listening while mother read a story to Aunt Mary. It was about an old lady who said she hadn't one thing in the world to be thankful for. A young lady wanted her to keep a mite box on her mantel and promise to drop in a penny, at least, for every time she said she was thankful. She told the girl that if the heathen had to depend on *her* mite box for help, they'd all go to the bad. And then, without thinking, she said, "My! but I'm thankful I'm not a foreign missionary!" Of course her friend had the laugh on her right off, and made her put in her first penny then.

After mother and Aunt Mary got through laughing over it, I had a thought—sometimes I do have one that's some good—and I said to mother: "May Jill and I start a family mite-box and see how much we can get before the mission band has its thank-offering?" and mother said yes, we might. I suppose it was kind of mean, but we didn't tell father, for we wanted to surprise him. The evening of the very day we finished the box (for Jill and I made it and painted things on the outside, so it was "a real ornament to society," mother said), father had just asked the blessing and commenced to carve when he said: "I believe I never was so thankful for a happy home as I was to-night when I walked along with Mr. Dumps and realized how he just dreaded to go home every night to his fault-finding wife and squabbling children!" Jill and I fairly

flew out of the room and came back and held the box right under his nose. Father was so surprised ! But he said : " Well, here's a quarter for a starter, for a good-natured mamma and happy-go-lucky children are worth more than a penny ! "

I can't begin to tell you all the ways we got pennies. Mother was thankful the sun came out on wash day, and that was a penny ; and she was thankful when the cookies didn't scorch, one time ; and that there were rolls enough to go 'round one night when we had unexpected company.

Father put in lots of nickels and dimes instead of pennies, he did lots toward filling the box. There was a nickel when eleven chicks were hatched from twelve eggs ; and another when Mr. Dumps remembered to return that good umbrella he borrowed ; and ten cents when the stitch in his back went off and didn't settle into lumbago, and lots more things.

We children had to pay pennies quite often. I remember one was when the robins came again to build their nest in the big ash tree just outside our window, and another the morning the big squirrel came up the tree and tried to steal the eggs, but was fought off by the mother robin. (That was very interesting and was really worth more than a penny, but neither Jill nor I had much money that particular day.) The biggest money we got in the box at all was the half-dollar mother put in when the doctor said Jill did not have diphtheria, for mother says she hasn't grace enough to bear many more contagious diseases. I mean mother hasn't, not Jill, for Jill is just a trump when she's sick and opens her mouth a lot wider for the doctor than I do.

Well, I'm not going to tell how much money we found when we opened the box, because some of you wouldn't believe it and that would hurt my feelings, so I'll just close by saying you would better try one in your family, and of course you'll believe your own eyes when you open your own box.—*The Mission Dayspring.*

THE LITTLE STREETS

"To-morrow I'll do it," says Bennie ;

"I will by and by," says Seth ;

"Not now—pretty soon," says Jennie ;

"In a minute," says little Beth.

Oh, dear little people ! remember
That, true as the stars in the sky,
The little streets of To-Morrow,
Pretty Soon, and By and By,
Lead, one and all,
As straight, they say,
As the king's highway,
To the city of Not At All.

—Selected.

Contributions.

F. B. WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Receipts for March, 1905.

MAINE.

Augusta for Miss Coombs's salary	\$10.00
Augusta aux. for new bedding in two rooms at Storer College	5.00
Alfred F. B. W. M. S.	5.00
Bath Junior C. E. pledge 1904 for Hemlotti in S. O.	10.00
Bath Corliss St. S. S. for Miss Barnes	5.78
Bowdoinham Mrs. Emily R. Kendall for general work of W. M. S. \$10, for salary of Miss Sims at Storer \$25, for furnishing rooms at Storer for which W. M. S. is responsible \$25	60.00
Biddeford aux.	15.00
Brunswick Village aux. for Miss Coombs . .	7.00
Island Falls ch. C. R.	5.75
Milo aux. for Emily	6.25

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Bristol aux. for adopted child	6.25
Danville aux.	10.00
Dover H. H. and F. M. soc. for furnishing Storer	20.83
Franklin Falls aux.	3.53
Hampton aux.	5.00
Laconia aux.	12.50
Pittsfield aux. dues	3.00

NOTE.—The following named persons of Pittsfield, N. H., have been made life members out of money that can be legitimately used for that purpose: Mrs. Ella M. Foss, Miss Clara Watson, Miss Alida Quimby, Miss A. M. Sargent, and Miss Anna F. Dearborn.

VERMONT.

E. Randolph aux. Dr. Smith	8.00
No. Danville ch. Dr. Smith	6.00
So. Strafford aux. Dr. Smith	6.00
Sutton aux. Dr. Smith	2.00
Williamstown aux. Dr. Smith	5.00
A friend two shares Miss Dawson's salary . .	20.00

MASSACHUSETTS.

Boston Mrs. E. G. R. Stewart for \$100,000 fund	25.00
Lowell Chelmsford St. primary dept. of S. S. one share Miss Barnes's salary	4.00
Lowell Chelmsford St. S. S. one share Miss Barnes's salary	4.00
Lowell Chelmsford St. aux. native teacher . .	6.25
Roxbury M. C. H. and J. C. F. (T. O.) . . .	5.00

NEW YORK.

Brooklyn Mrs. Furman's S. S. class in memory of Emmet Johnston	4.00
Poland from estate of Mrs. Hall deducting tax	190.00

ILLINOIS.

Chicago Miss Margaret McCarthy for well at S. O.	\$2.00
Downer's Grove Mr. W. M. Tucker for well at S. O.	1.00

MICHIGAN.

Dayburg aux. Dr. B. \$2.50, H. M. \$2.50 . .	5.00
Grand Ledge for native teacher	12.50
Litchfield aux. Dr. B., H. M., Storer College \$1 each	3.00
(This is on L. M. of Mrs. Minnie Benedict.)	

MINNESOTA.

Brooklyn aux.	3.00
Crystal Mrs. Russell	2.00
Crystal Miss Stinchfield	2.00
Champlain aux. by a friend for Storer . . .	3.00
Huntley F. B. ch. W. M. S.	7.50
Poplar Grove ch. for kind. work Balasore . .	6.00
Winnebago Q. M. W. M. S.	2.10
Winona Miss. Band	2.00
Winona S. S. birthday box50
Winnebago City for F. M.	8.00

IOWA.

Aurora aux. for Miss Scott	1.05
Buchanan Q. M. coll. Miss Scott	2.70
Central City Miss Scott	5.00
Fairbank aux. Miss Scott	12.75
Lamont Rachel Whitney for Miss Scott . . .	1.00
Lamont Emily Brown for Miss Scott50
Lincoln aux. Miss Scott	4.75
Little Cedar aux. Miss Scott	4.00
Six Mile Grove Miss Scott	5.50
Mrs. Mack dues for Miss Scott	1.00
Wilton C. R.26

SOUTH DAKOTA.

Alexandria V. K. Stilwell for town and primary school to be assigned at Midnapore for two years	50.00
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KANSAS.

Buffalo Valley aux. for S. O.	5.00
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CANADA.

T. O. from widow in Canada to Dorcas Folsom W. H. Balasore	5.00
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MISCELLANEOUS.

Interest on Inc. Fund	3.42
Sale Sinclair Memorials	9.50

Total \$647.15

LAURA A. DEMERITTE, *Treas.*

per EDYTH R. PORTER, *Asst. Treas.*

Ocean Park, Me.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

I GIVE and bequeath the sum of ——— to the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society, a corporation of the state of Maine,

